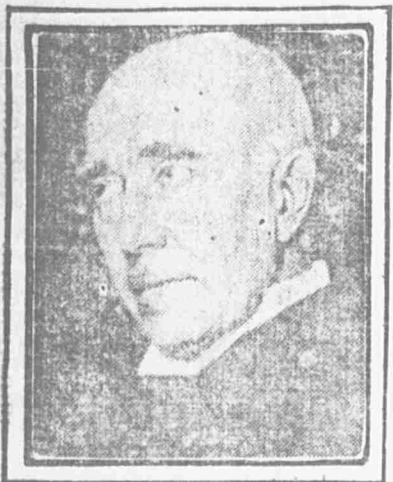


The Evening World

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A GOOD RAPID-TRANSIT BILL.



W. M. IVINS.

The favorable action of the Senate Cities Committee on the Elsborg bill raises hopes of the speedy passage of that measure as amended.

Is the vexed question of future subways solved at last? If so, some share of the credit must go to William M. Ivins as the author of the amendments.

The bill as modified is designed to quiet the objections of its opponents as originally drawn, while yet safeguarding the public interest. It provides that contracts for construction, equipment and operation must be let separately by the Rapid-Transit Commission unless the Board of

Estimate and Apportionment shall also decide that public policy will be better served by combining them; limits the term of the operating lease to twenty years; authorizes the construction of pipe galleries and empowers the Mayor to fill vacancies in the Board, as he has himself suggested that his successor might do.

Thus the occasion for criticism of the Commission as a self-perpetuating body is removed, two vital mistakes of the city's first subway venture are corrected, and the problem of separate or joint construction and operation is left to the adjudication of a board well constituted to guard the city's interest.

The bill, indeed, appears to meet all rational objections and to provide a satisfactory basis of agreement which distinctly brightens the outlook for rapid transit.

The City Club, of course, remains to be heard from. Will it consent to the sacrifice of its pet Page bill which the acceptance of this compromise measure makes necessary? On its attitude toward the new Elsborg bill will depend the construction to be put on its motives in opposing the bill as originally framed with a measure which had the outward aspect of legislation drawn for the benefit of special interests.

TOO MANY WATER COMMISSIONS.

Senator Gardner, of Brooklyn, has introduced a bill to abolish the City Water Commission. There are now four bodies which have to do with New York City's water supply, not including either the Legislature or the Board of Estimate.

These four are Commissioner Ellison, who looks after the old water system; the bi-partisan Aqueduct Commission, which draws salaries for prolonging the construction of the Croton storage reservoirs; the new City Water Commission, which has charge of the Esopus scheme, and the State Water Commission, with supervisory powers.

This complicated subdivision of responsibility is absurd and expensive. There should be only one Water Department in New York, and the man at the head of that should be in charge. If he is faithless or incompetent it is the Mayor's duty to remove him and appoint a better man. The subdivision of power greatly accounts for the enormous water waste and the failure to utilize the watersheds which the city already owns.

"CHILDREN OFF THE STREET."

A speaker at the Mayor's hearing on the bill to remove the tracks from Death avenue said that the children killed by the trains there were those who tried to steal rides on the moving cars or to pilfer from them. He added:

Let the clergymen who are protesting so loudly against the tracks on Eleventh avenue tell their parishioners to keep their children off Eleventh avenue. The rest of the speech was never heard, being drowned in a roar of angry remonstrance. Yet the opinion was typical of the attitude of many elements in the community.

It is the attitude of the automobilist who dashes at forty miles an hour through a country village and says: "Let them keep their children off the street if they don't want them to be killed."

It is the attitude of the trolley-car magnate who orders a speed to be maintained through crowded streets that endangers life. It is the attitude of the careless contractor who makes the street dangerous with heavy blasts.

It is about time for a revival and better enforcement of the good old common-law view of the streets as public highways where any man may go upon his lawful occasions and where even a child is safe.

NIGHTSTICK and NOZZLE

A Romance of Manhattan

by SEWARD W. HOPKINS

CHAPTER XI.

A Visit in the Night.

THE neighborhood of the yellow brick house seemed to be unusually dull when the two friends reached it. Somehow the street lights gave out less glow than they should.

The house itself was dark and gloomy. There was not a star to be seen, and the moon was behind a depth of cloud that seemed not even to have a silver lining.

"Going to be a mean night," said Garvin, as he limped along with his crutch. "Where shall we stow ourselves?"

"If I had my way," replied Lenox, "I should stay inside the house."

"It is a clever idea. But have we any legal right to break into a house and spend the night?"

"Hardly," said Lenox with a laugh. "But we must not remain here talking. Nobody will come."

Lenox had patrolled so many blocks in that vicinity that it was not difficult for him to find a place.

This was a sheltered nook in a corner of a porch opposite the yellow brick house, from which the two watchers obtained a complete view of the front of the residence of the well-

known and much desired Mr. Foby. "Some queer to be watching a house like that at night. I am not used to dark scenes. When I get busy there is usually too much light," said Garvin.

"There may be light," said Lenox. "But it is frequently obscured by smoke. There is light enough now. The moon is the same moon, and the stars are the same stars. But there is something in the way."

There was a silence of about a minute.

"There always is," said Garvin, softly.

"There was a longer silence."

"I don't believe that woman is coming home to-night," spoke up Garvin.

"Can't we smoke?"

"No."

Another silence followed.

The policeman on the post for the night passed them. He looked sharply.

"Hello! That you, Lenox?"

"Yes."

"Taking a sun bath?"

"Yes."

"Well, as long as you don't take anything else on the beat you won't be called down before the Commissioner."

With this wise and unobjectionable truth the policeman bowed on in the gloom.

"Hey!" whispered Lenox a few minutes later.

"I see," replied Garvin.

Two forms had appeared suddenly from some place out of range, and were climbing the steps of the yellow brick house.

"What do you think?" asked Garvin.

"Hes! They are probably here for Mrs. Foby. Possibly she has determined not to return to-night, and has sent them for clothing or something else."

"Could be burglars," said Garvin.

An Early Plant.

By J. Campbell Cory.



LETTERS from the PEOPLE ANSWERS to QUESTIONS

This Girl Can Cook.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Correspondents: At modern young girls for being fond of dancin' and not knowing about cooking.

I am eighteen, am fond of dancin',

clubs, theatres, etc., and am neat and

stylish, but I am fond of cooking, and

have my housework to do every day.

I embroider, and can make my own

walrus. I am not the only one out

my acquaintances to be thus accomplished, or seven friends there is only

one that can't do any housework. She

is too lazy even to dance.

JERSEY CITY.

Can Any One Solve This?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I noticed the following example:

"One hour after a train left a certain

station the engine broke down and

then proceeded at three-fifths its

original speed, arriving at its destination two hours late. If the train had run fifty miles further before breaking down it would have arrived at its destination forty minutes sooner. What was the distance between the stations?" Will readers work out the answer to this?

ROBERT P. THORNE,

Sayre, Pa.

Manners and Thermometers.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I read the letter of the Virginian who complains of New York men's manners and says men here don't take off their hats when entering hotel lobbies and when meeting ladies on the street and don't leave their hats off while talking to them. It might be well enough for

people to do that in warm Virginia, but for New York people to do that when the thermometer registers twenty or more below zero it wouldn't do very well.

C. H.

Overcrowded Car Platforms.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

With thousands of others I voice the sentiment of Magistrate Poole in regard to the street railroad company allowing the rear platform to be crowded when there are plenty of seats in the car. No one should be permitted to stand outside when there are seats inside. Many times you will see both women and men left standing on the corner unable to fight their way on board the platform being crowded, and no effort made by the conductor to clear it.

J. E. T.

"You may shoot first," said Lenox.

"I don't care to shoot unless I am com-

pelled to do so. You know me, and, of

course, you know that I recognize you.

Suppose you killed me. There is an

other man looking at you who knows

you, and who would have you in the

hands of the police in two hours.

As he spoke he was handling his pistol

carelessly. They put their backs in

their pockets. Then he did the same.

"What are you going to do?" asked

one.

"I am going to take you to the station."

"Not with me."

"Now, look here, Lenox. You know

this thing means a long time for us."

"I should think so."

"What's the use? You don't gain

anything by running us in. Why not

come to some agreement? We'll let

fair. You don't want this stuff. I have

got a hundred with me."

"I don't want it," said Lenox. "Come

along and be quiet."

"There is your other man?"

"Oh," said Lenox, "he'll arrive."

The burglar who had said nothing

coming to terms, leaped at

Lenox and struck him.

"You won't take me," he said.

Lenox, slightly staggered by the

blow, fell backward, but reached for

his revolver again.

The burglar dashed for the door.

There was a peculiar swishing sound

and the next moment the cross-arm

of the crutch landed on his head. He

fell, and unconscious, and Garvin

hobbled into the room.

"Just in time," he said. "A crutch

is a tough thing to run up against."

The remaining burglar glanced from

Garvin to Lenox. By this time Lenox

had his revolver in his hand again.

"It's up to you," said the burglar.

"If you can't make a deal, do what

you please and get out."

"Garvin," said Lenox, "I can hold

this fellow covered. You get some

ropes."

Garvin had never been in the house

before. But he made about three hob-

bles toward the kitchen door and re-

turned the form with a clothline.

"You don't need that," said the bur-

glar who was conscious. "I won't fight."

"I can't trust the other fellow," said

Lenox.

Both were bound, water was used to

revive the victim of Garvin's crutch,

and in ten minutes a most peculiar pro-

cession led the yellow brick house and

hears for the peculiar clothline.

"I can't trust the other fellow," said

Lenox.

The officer on post met them and

stared.

"Is that your sun bath?" he gasped.

"Keep your eye on the yellow house,"

said Lenox. "Somebody may go there."

The man on post sawing his night-

stick and tried to find a rift in the bank

of clouds.

"Looks as if somebody had," he re-

marked as he walked on.

(To Be Continued.)

NEW YORK THRO' FUNNY GLASSES.

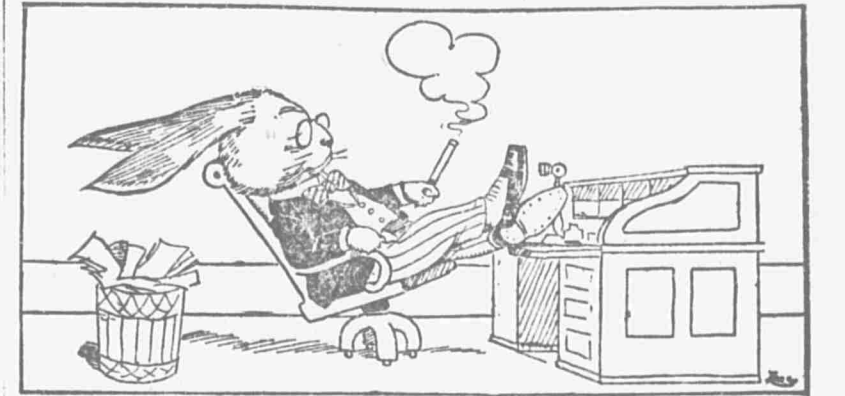
By Irvin S. Cobb.

WE have here a practical working model of the old-style, flat-tire fable equipped with electricity and other modern improvements.

Once upon a time—that's the way they always start—the Hare and the Tortoise ran a go-as-you-please race from the Battery to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street.

"This," said the Hare to himself after watching the Tortoise climb aboard an uptown trolley car, "is going to be like hypotheating the glucose gumdrops from Baby Gladys. I'll leave the opposition so far behind at the finish that parties in the grand-stand won't be able to tell whether Br'er Terrapin is running last in to-day's race or first in to-morrow's. We come of a mighty fast stock any way you take us. Look at the Belgium branch of the family—four sets of babies every year—sometimes five. The grip microbes don't make a much better showing than that. Sometimes I think the President makes a mistake in not adopting one of our folks for an emblem instead of a stork. But, speaking now of this speed contest, presently I'll hop out and catch the Through Red-Lamp Limited on Mr. Ryan's Road and I'll be hitting the homestretch while my hardshell Baptist friend is admiring the legs on the Seward statue passing Union Square. But in the mean time I think I might as well enjoy a nap."

So he lit a fresh cigarette and eased his eyeglasses off the bridge of his nose and put his feet up on the desk and drifted off into a William Travers Jerome that lasted thirty minutes. Then he put on his hat and dropped down into the subway. On the platform two ambulance surgeons were assaying a ticket-chopper for pot-metal.



"What is that?" asked one of them. "A nugget?"

"No," said the other. "It's a lung. Hold his legs a minute until I get the granulated T-rails out of the esophagus. His wind-pipe looks like a right-of-way."

But mere steel particles, even in bulk, couldn't bluff J. Henry Hare. He climbed aboard a northbound express, found his favorite strap and prepared to do the Harlem hike in record time. But the regular fast schedule had been laid up for repairs ever since the day the road was finished; the trip was thickly punctuated with fullstops and semicolons. For all the harrowing details see any regular patron of the line.

Meanwhile the Tortoise was progressing toward the far distant destination in a conservative but consistent manner. The trip was enlivened by pauses when the motorman, leaning over the dashboard, plucked particles of pedestrians in the past tense out of the fender, or the conductor administered the Mrs. Minor Morris treatment to lady passengers who had failed to ask for transfers when they first got aboard, or the crowd lined up on the platform to salute one of the Metropolitan jury-fixers. On, on they journeyed, past bird-box apartment-houses and squirrel-cage hotels until they neared the goal. It was near night. The official lamp-lighter of the Upper West Side was turning on the gas in the only street light that burns regularly north of Fifty-ninth street.

Five hours later the Subway express, direct from the Battery without change of cars, rolled into the station at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. But Aloysius Tortoise, wearied of waiting, had collected the amount of the wager and gone to bed.

THE FUNNY PART:

The "fifteen-minutes-to-Harlem" slogan needs revising a heap more than Aesop does.

City Table Talk.

By Charles R. Barnes.

THESE city folks is queerish—I never seen th' beat. Th' way they mumbles nonsense w'en they set down t' eat! Young Tom, th' son I visit, brought out th' queerest chat Last even' at a dinner he give here in his flat. A lady says: "Caruso, ain't he th' cunnin' deat?" My Tom allowed th' poker gals played more ev'ry year; Another feller murmured: "I do adore this town!" An' Tom's wife says: "Oh, Mamie, ain't that a lovely gown!"

II. Sich babblin' an' sich chatter fr' growed-up folks like them! I kinder plans t' stop it, an' says: "A-hen, a-hen! I been a-readin' lately some scientific man Has figured out fr' certain jes' w'en th' world began." I thought p'haps they'd holler: "D'je ever see th' beat!" But no. One says: "Oh, really!" Another says: "How sweet!" An' then they took t' gaslin' about th' styles in do'es, Quite frequently revertin' t' them fool Broadway shows.

III. W'y, dang me, in th' kentry w'en we set down t' eat We talk o' somethin' serious—th' crops, th' price o' wheat, Er 'bout th' preacher's sermon, or politics, b'gosh. Not foolish schoolgirl topics an' soft dressmakin' bosh. Th' city fellers guy us an' call us rubes an' yaps: They say we've got no culture—th' may be true, p'haps. But in th' roomal deestrics all decent folks 'ud balk At anythin' approachin' this city table talk.

THE MOCK ORANGE BRIDGE WHIST CLUB.

By Grinnan Barrett.

"YES, they've taken poor Mrs. Gabalong to the sanitarium," said Mrs. Oliver Quiver, Vice-President of the Mock Orange (N. J.) Bridge Club, "and now her husband is going around everywhere saying that it was all brought on by bridge. Did you ever hear of such a thing!"

"If you really would like to know, I can tell you exactly what's given Mrs. Gabalong the nervous prostration. It was the new rule the club passed prohibiting conversation during play. Now, Mrs. Gabalong's idea of a glorious immortality would be to have a jawbone that never got tired. I veritably believe her conception of heaven is a place where you have your choice between a pair of wings and another tongue! And yet she's forever saying that she's a person of very few words. That may be true, but as she uses all of them once and over again a great many times, it amounts to the same thing in the long run."

"Yes, indeed, I'm quite certain in my own mind it was the rule against talking that sent the woman off to the sanitarium. Of course, from the very beginning we decided that talking at the table would be discouraged, but naturally nobody paid any attention to that—that is, of course, nobody who had sense enough to carry the run of the cards in her head and talk at the same time paid any attention to it—but there were a few one-sided creatures who insisted that talking took their minds off their game. And, finally, Mrs. Colerect lost a prize because she got so interested hearing Mrs. Addlock tell about her symptoms that she forgot to score herself. She promptly raised a fuss. So they passed the rule. Ah! now when anybody starts to say anything at the table the other three say, 'Sh-sh!' like that, and then, of course, when they do you that way you are looking for a chance to get even. And at yesterday's meeting it sounded sometimes as if somebody was shoeing a lot of hens out of a flower bed."

"Well, it was just simply too much for Mrs. Gabalong. And now she's in a place where the nurses go around with rubber-soled shoes on, and the floors are all padded, and the doors swing on leather hinges, and nobody speaks a word out loud, and they won't let you eat popcorn because it makes a noise when you chew it. I guess Mrs. Gabalong will go crazy there in earnest. If they really want her to get well it's my private opinion they had better send her to a phonograph factory."

"Dear me! I know I have more troubles than any woman alive. The bills from the caterer and the decorator and the postman—oh, doesn't that sound exactly right enough, but, of course, you couldn't call him a chicken—all come in together, and now Mr. Quiver is saying my extravagance is going to drive him to the poorhouse. He never stops to think about all the beautiful prizes I've won. He just puts his head in his hands and groans in a very depressing way and says: 'The man who said two could live as cheaply as one meant they could if one was a canny bird or a goldfish.'"